

KERRYMEN HAVE A BIG TIME AHEAD

There'll Be Music, Dances and a 100-Yard Dash for Women.

On these days of the Kerry dances, the pipe's tune and the hour of gladness will all be on the job when the gates of Celtic Park are thrown open to-morrow. It is there that lads and lassies from Daniel O'Connell's County will step to the music from the pipes of Derott O'Callaghan, Ireland's most famous piper. McGonagle, who can dance Irish jig and reels without wiggling an eyelash will show what championship dancing is and Chaucery O'cott, the sweet singer, will give a reception to all his friends. Maurice Quinn, of Kenmare, will give a basket of white seal to the county organization making the best showing.

Thirty-two young women from the different counties will be in a special 100-yard dash. The winner will get a coupon entitling her to a suite of furniture for a four-room flat. That ought to be hint enough to the girls to hurry up. Matt Brassell, of the arrangements committee, expects 20,000 Irishmen and women at the Park to-morrow, and Matt was never known to be far out of the way.

PUNCH END-SEAT HOG; IT'S ALL RIGHT

Magistrate Higginbotham Has Justified Assault on the Rail-Clinger.

If the Board of City Magistrates decides to adopt Magistrate Higginbotham's ruling, "hitting the end-seat hog" will be a popular summer pastime.

Magistrate Higginbotham has decided that anything short of homicide is permissible toward the "bete humaine" who clings to the rail-end of an open-car seat.

A man named Melford attempted to board a Flatbush avenue car at the Manhattan Bridge terminal. He was blocked by a fat man, who held fast to the end of the car. Melford, until Melford, the man called a policeman and had Melford arrested. Magistrate Higginbotham released him after severely reprimanding the complainant.

THREE CLUBS OPEN YACHTING SEASON

Six of the New York One-Design Class in Sound Race.

Three yacht clubs formally opened the season to-day, the more important event of the day being the first race on the Sound for the New York One-Design Class at the Manhattan Bay Yacht Club's opening at Fort Washington, L. I.

The Harlem Yacht Club at City Island had a formal opening of its clubhouse this afternoon, when impromptu races were scheduled.

At the clubhouse of the Metropolitan Yacht Club, East One Hundred and Twenty-first street and the East River, this afternoon, a large number of new boats were present, and the usual hoisting and saluting of the flag announced that the club was in commission.

Six yachts entered the race of the Manhattan Bay Club, as follows: Adeline, Adele Brothers; Atair, Cord Meyer; Alora, A. H. and J. W. Allen; Dahlinda, W. Butler Duncan; Phryne, C. W. Wetmore, and Banzai, Clifford M. Mallory. The race was over the inside course and the prizes were cups offered by Clarkson Cowell.

Jamaica Bay Meeting. A meeting of the Jamaica Bay Yacht Club will be held Sunday afternoon, the station at Holland's, Rockaway, and a programme of racing events drawn up by the committee will be put before the members. First prize will be a silver cup. A boat owner and captain has been requested to present, as an allotment of anchorage will be made and the committee of the club brought up to date with the changes in the present craft and the addition of the new ones.

Get Out Your Outing, Yacht and Bathing Suits



Those who can take a vacation whenever they please have learned that the cool weeks of early summer may be most enjoyably spent at one of the many Seashore or Mountain Resort Hotels or Boarding Houses described in the Sunday World's Want Directory. Balmey May is now here and the heat of June will soon arrive, so if you can get away next week Sunday World Resort Ads, to-morrow will prove interesting and profitable reading.

The World Prints Thousands More Summer Resort Ads. Every Year Than Any Other New York Newspaper.

HARK, HARK, THE FRANKFURTERS BARK; CONEY'S LID IS OFF! GIRL RUNAWAY IS SHIELDING MAN



Same Old Coney, Too, Only Bigger and More Alluring Than Ever.

A SERIES OF THRILLS.

Nothing Like It Anywhere Else in the World—From White Lights to Popcorn.

"Hot dogs" and cream kases are now right at hand. The bark of the barker is heard through the land. While salt-water candy and crispettes at last announce Coney Island is running full blast.

It doesn't take more than three steps from the B. R. T. stations at the island to know in a minute that history is repeating itself with a vengeance and that Coney is wide open.

From the Bowery, with its gentlemanly barker inviting you to take a shot at suspicious-looking rabbits prancing around a canvas landscape to the guess-your-weight-or-no-charge man, it is the same old Coney.

Along Surf avenue with Dreamland and its great white Creation angels towering over the candy booths and the take-along-for-a-lovely-evening vendors, with Luna Park further down and Steeplechase Park at the end of the avenue, Coney looks at natural as the pictures in the souvenir pamphlets.

We hear one young woman from Jersey City bitterly complaining to her escort.

Those Tabooed Frankfurters. "Coney isn't Coney unless you can eat frankfurters, and since I've read 'The Jungle' I'd rather die than eat one of those hot dogs."

We are very cultured over in Jersey City, but it's a shame to have our American Zola spoil Coney Island like that. "I don't care what President Roosevelt said," continues our young friend from Jersey. "I just wouldn't eat a frankfurter for anything. I wish I hadn't read 'The Jungle'."

After all, what is Coney without the frankfurters?

The season of candy lunches mixed in with molasses popcorn, washed down with Coney Island beer, is bringing indigestion, and infant stomachs a-plenty will cause merriment and pepper to rail against cream kases and ice cream sandwiches as a healthy diet for Willie and Bernice.

Already the Egyptian fortune tellers, who are not fastidious as to manure work, lure gullible joyrides within the tent to be presented with a husband and family wealth and happiness for a quarter. Pretty cheap to get an establishment.

Face Blacked or Burned.

Step up, step up, and have your all-cosmetics made by Prof. Perry, the creator of all the famous faces on earth. If you don't like this Luna Park artist's

black and white work, you can have your face burnt right across the way while you wait.

It's the time of year when you can get your picture taken smiling patronizingly in an automobile wheel. You own one or not. And look unto the joyous throngs getting their systems jarred bumping the bump. Bump's nothing like it.

To-night's the night for Dreamland. The big white park swept by ocean breezes is open to an "admirable and considered public" this evening. Already Luna Park has been turning "an away" and Thompson & Dundy's new show, "The Great Train Robbery," has all the time novels and atmosphere dramas beat in a walkaway for excitement and local color. Our friend from Jersey is delighted. She stood on the benches and gasped with admiration. "I declare," she exclaimed in a voice that suggested total oblivion of The Jungle and the tabooed frankfurters. "I've been saving my money all winter to go to Colorado this summer, but what's the use? You can almost breathe the mountain air now, can't you?"

The Real Western Thing.

To the right and left spread the Rockies, and in the distance were the tall mountain peaks with the pine trees growing halfway up the sides. The blue haze over the tops, the real mountain color and a perspective as good as Colorado.

Our friend from Jersey said she had saved just \$100 by coming to see the Great Train Robbery. In front of her lay the mountain stream, while in the immediate foreground was the tall precipice from which our friend, Matty Matthews, makes his thirty-one-foot-count, "an dirty-one-five." Back of the stream lies the railroad track and in the distance the great mountains lower above the foothills with the miniature railroad and its tiny train winding down toward the scene of the holdup, when the real engine and train come into action.

Matty, how shocked Miss Jersey would be if she should meet Miss Laurel Ormond, the ranch editor, who is a pretty, black-eyed girl, with red cheeks flushed by exposure, dark brown hair and fascinating dimples, is a real cowgirl. She took the prize at Cheyenne's Frontier Day for riding and throwing a steer in fifty-two seconds.

Cowboys as Chaparons.

Miss Jersey would open her eyes at the social etiquette which abounds at Ranch 101. The last party Miss Laurel attended was at a ranch sixty-eight miles away. Her chaparon was twenty cowboys.

To-day is the big confetti carnival at Luna Park and a first of a series of carnivals which will be features all through the season. It was launched in a perfect storm of confetti.

"There's nothing like Coney," says Miss Jersey. Her escort says it's all so changed from what it used to be. Even the barker's are refined.

No wonder Miss Jersey blushes when a gentlemanly barker comes up to her and announces the greatest laughing show on earth—"Nothing to hurt or harm you."

It's evident no one is afraid of being harmed, judged from the crowds thronging the parks and Surf avenue and Bowery plaza. Coney is in full swing, so step up, one and all, and see the great old mine or the Scenic Railroad, not forgetting the Bostock Show, the greatest animal exhibition that ever was, is or will be.

SEABROOKE DENIES MENTAL DISTURBANCE.

Actor Says He Has Simply Been Threatened with Grip and Cold.

Thomas Q. Seabrooke, the musical-comedy comedian, spent nearly all day yesterday, except when he was out driving, explaining to his friends who called on him at his home, at Rye, N. Y., that he was not mentally deranged.

"At the beginning of the rehearsals of 'The Abscys' I caught cold and nearly came down with a case of grip," said Mr. Seabrooke. "I took two days to rest and would have been ready to rehearse on Saturday had there been need for my services that day. I will be with the company on Monday morning. The report that I have at any time been affected mentally is untrue and a great injustice to me."

KILLED UNDER CAR.

Child Dead, Grandmother Injured Trying to Rescue.

Martin Falbo, three years old, of No. 229 Ralph avenue, Williamsburg, was killed by a Gates avenue car at Hamburg avenue last night, and his grandmother, Mrs. Rose Altman, sixty years old, was severely injured in efforts to save the child.

GIRL RUNAWAY IS SHIELDING MAN

Lured from Johnstown and Found on Broadway by Married Sister.

Handling her first long skirt, Theresa McDermott, not yet sixteen, of Johnstown, Pa., attracted attention on Broadway last night by reason of her pretty, fresh face and the homely out of her little zouave jacket, big black hat and long white kid gloves.

Mr. and Mrs. John Spencer, of No. 334 West Thirtieth street, happened across her path.

"There is Teresa," gasped Mrs. Spencer, who is Theresa's sister. She was about to throw her arms about the little girl in the long skirt, when her husband restrained her and caused the girl's arrest, charging her with running away from home two weeks ago.

Sobbing, the girl was taken to the West Forty-seventh street station on a technical charge of vagrancy.

"I came here to be married," she said. "A friend, who is in love with me, sent me money to come. He said we were to be married right away."

"Are you married?" her sister inquired.

"No, not yet, but give him time and I know he'll keep his promise," she wailed. Presently she grew stubborn and refused to give her address or to reveal the identity of the young man.

While the girl was in the rear room of the station-house, Miss Margaret McDermott, another sister arrived.

"Can I see my sister?" she asked. "I don't know," said Sgt. Zimmerman. "She's been sent to the Children's Society, I believe. I don't know whether they will let you see her or not."

Miss McDermott gave a scream and dropped in a faint on the floor. She was carried into the rear room and

came to in the arms of the little runaway. The girl will be arraigned in the Children's Court to-day.

MAGNATE REID IS NOT A BRIDEGROOM.

Tin Trust President Denies Having Married Show Girl or Anybody Else.

LONDON, May 19.—W. G. Reid, President of the Tin Trust, before sailing for New York on the Cedric, denied his reported marriage to a chorus girl. "I have already called my representative in New York," he said, "that I have not taken a bride. These fakes have been flying about New York for the past three or four months. I returned from the South of France with my daughter three weeks ago, since when I have been staying in London."

B. Altman & Co.

FURS, FUR GARMENTS, RUGS AND DRAPERIES RECEIVED FOR STORAGE AND SAFE-KEEPING THROUGHOUT THE SUMMER MONTHS.

DURING WHICH PERIOD THE PLACING OF ORDERS FOR THE REPAIRING AND ALTERING OF FURS, AND THE CLEANING AND REPAIRING OF RUGS IS ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED.

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